



Thoughts to myself.



9 0 2

Chapter 1 by Sayan

When I look back on my life, it's not that I don't want to see things exactly as they happened, it's just that I prefer to remember them in an artistic way. And truthfully, the lie of it all is much more honest, because I invented it. Clinical psychology tells us, arguably, that trauma is the ultimate killer. Memories are not recycled like atoms and particles in quantum physics. They can be lost forever. It's sort of like my past is an unfinished painting, and as the artist of that painting, I must fill in all the ugly holes and make it beautiful again. It's not that I've been dishonest, it's just that I loathe reality. For example, those pathetic awful mean boys and girls? They're wearing next-season Versaces, and so am I. And the shoes? High quality heels from Kazakhstan. Where am I now? In the psychological clinic. These nurses are staring at me. I tipped their gauze caps to the side like Parisian berets because I think it's romantic, and I also believe that mint will be very big in fashion next spring. Check out this nurse on the right. She's got a great ass.

The truth is, back at the clinic, they only wore those funny hats to keep the blood out of their hair. And that girl on the left? She ordered gummi bears and a knife a couple hours ago. They only gave her the gummi bears. I'd wish they'd only given me the gummi bears. That's what Lady Gaga told me...

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